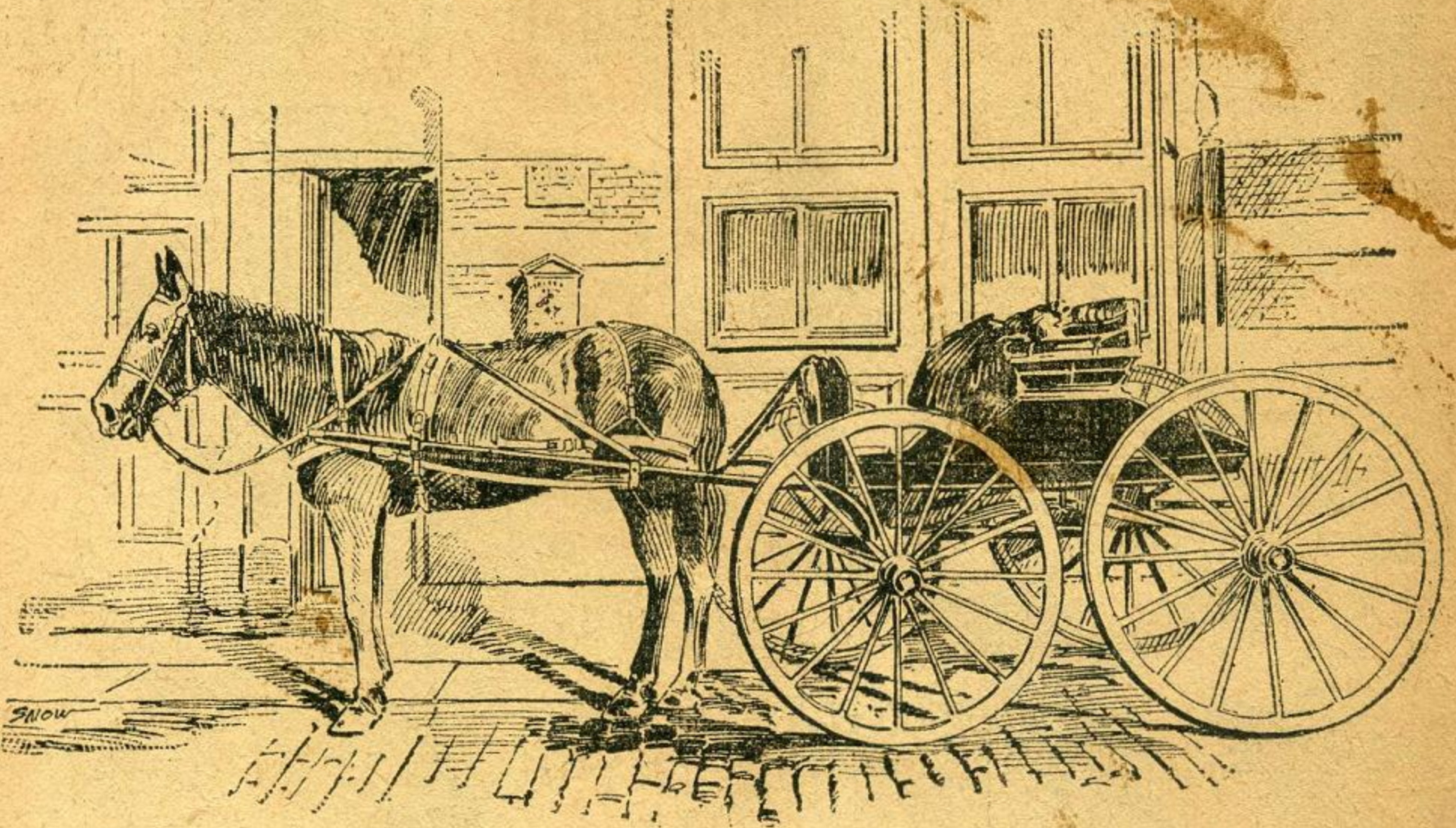


DISTRICT CHIEF EGAN'S HORSE MISSES HIM.

Tries Vainly to Learn What Has Become of His Master, Whose Faithful Friend He Was.



DISTRICT CHIEF EGAN'S HORSE, GROVER, AND WAGON.

A familiar sight to the business men and clerks of Fort Hill square and to those who had occasion to pass through this well-known thoroughfare was to see District Chief John F. Egan standing in the door of his headquarters and calling his horse.

This faithful animal, Grover by name, which carried his master to the scene of all his battles, and at last to his death, would be seen playing by himself in the square. At the sound of the chief's voice he would prick up his ears, give a whinny, and then trot to his master.

Since the death of Egan Grover has acted in a strange manner. The firemen at the house say that Grover, while out in the square Sunday, as is his usual custom, was restless and continually neighed. He would rush down to the door and try to get in, all the time whinnying.

"He seemed to understand that something was wrong," said one of the officers.

"Why," he continued, "when you speak to him he pricks up his ears and whinnies and then turns away from you."

It was the custom of Chief Egan to allow Grover to have his own way. He would leave him hitched to his wagon outside the engine house and go up to his room. Grover would trot up around the square to the watering trough, get a drink of water, then walk leisurely around the square, collecting his sweets from the clerks and people in the square.

In the summer he would occasionally go up on the sidewalk and steal a few mouthfuls of grass from the little park in the square.

Chief Egan sitting at his window would catch him at it once in a while. He would then cry out: "What are you doing there Grover?" The animal would

immediately back his wagon from the sidewalk and return to the door of the engine house.

The chief thought everything of his horse. At the sound of the gong Grover, if he was away from the door, would tear down to the house at a wild rate of speed. As soon as Chief Egan jumped into the wagon and said, "Get along there, now," Grover was off like the wind. He is fleet-footed, and few horses hauling the weight he does can outrun him.

Every word spoken to him by the chief he seemed to know. He never used a whip on Grover.

On one occasion, while responding to a fire on Atlantic av, the chief was thrown from his wagon. Grover ran a short distance and, on missing his driver, stopped, turned around and walked toward the house again. He carried his late master through the snow Saturday morning on his last ride at a rapid pace, bringing him there at the heat of the fire.